

The Historie of

Of all the Court and Princes of my bloud,
The hope and expectaion of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man
Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I so lauish of my preſence beene,
So common hackneid in the eies of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeles baniſhment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By being ſeldome ſcene, I could not ſtir
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would ſay, where, which is *Bullingbrooke*:
And then I ſtole all curteſie from heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humilitie,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes
Euen in the preſence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſcene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt
And wan by rarenes ſuch ſolemnity.
The ſkipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow ieſters, and raſh bawin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with Carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gaue his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery bearded vaine comparatiue
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enforc't himſelfe to popularity,
That being daily ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfetted with hony, and began to loath
The taſt of ſweetnes, whereof a little,

More

Henrie the

More then a little, is by much to
So when he had occaſion to be ſeene
He was, but as the Cuckow is in
Heard, not regarded: ſcene but
As ſicke and blunted with com
Afford no extraordinarie gaze.
Such as is bent on ſun-like Mai
When it ſhines ſeldome in adm
But rather drowzd, and hung th
Slept in his face, and rendred ſu
As cloudy men uſe to doe to the
Being with his preſence, glutted
And in that very line, *Harry Sta*
For, thou haſt loſt thy Princel
with vile participation, Not an
But is a weary of thy common
Saue mine, which hath deſired
Which now doth that I would
Make blind it ſelfe with fooliſh
Prim. I ſhall hereafter, my th
Be more my ſelfe. *King.* For
As thou art to this howre, was
When I from *France* ſet foot at
And euen as I was then, is *Percy*
Now by my ſcepter and my ſou
He hath more worthy intereſt
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucc
For of no right nor colour like
He doth fill fieldes with Harnes
Turns head againſt the Lyons
And being no more indebt to
Leadſt ancient Lords, and reue
To bloody battels, and to brui
What neuer dying honor hat
Againſt renouued *Douglas*? w
Whoſe hot incurſions and gre
Holds from all Souldiers chie
And military title capitall,